

CEMETERY DANCE PRESENTS GRAVE TALES

CEMETERY DANCE
PUBLICATIONS

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NANCY A. COLLINS AL SARRANTONIO DANIEL D. BURR
GLENN CHADBOURNE ERIC POWELL ERIK WILSON

ERIK
1999

CEMETERY DANCE PRESENTS GRAVE TALES

ISSUE #2 MAY 2000

COVER ART BY ERIK WILSON

THE CORN DOLLY – ORIGINAL STORY BY AL SARRANTONIO
ADAPTED BY GLENN CHADBOURNE

CANCER ALLEY – ORIGINAL STORY BY NANCY A. COLLINS
ADAPTED BY ERIC POWELL

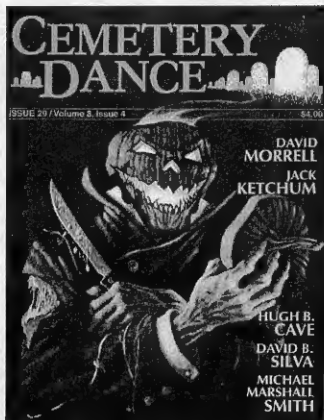
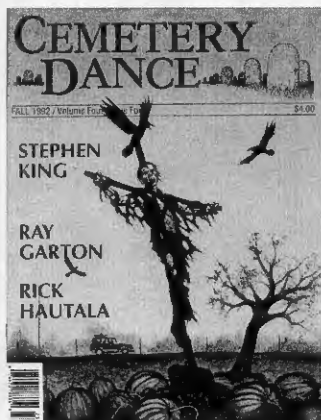
THE OAKEN DOOR – STORY BY DANIEL D. BURR
ART BY GLENN CHADBOURNE

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The Cornfield

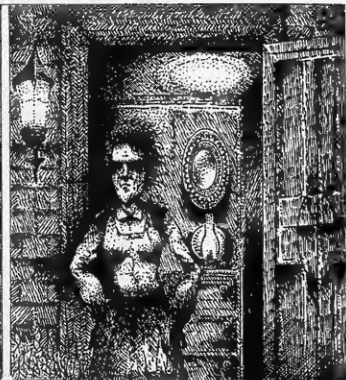


A thousand dry stalks ticked, one against the other. Traced in the stark gray-white of the suddenly-appearing moon, they appeared to the boy as the heads of so many thousand dried-corpse soldiers, snapping brokenly back and forth in the wind in stiff perfect ranks.

Behind and below him, his mother called.

ROBERT!

SUPPER IS
WAITING!



Invisible in the darkening light, Robert looked down the hill at her, feeling a momentary pang of sorrow for her tiny, bird-frightened figure outlined against the yellow rectangle of the open doorway. Around her, the sharp lines of the dark little house stood out. . . . the rattling whisper sounded behind him again.



With soup and bread came boldness.

WHY DON'T WE EVER HAVE A CORN DOLLY IN THE HOUSE, MOMMA?



For a moment she seemed to be staring into some unnamable pit where fires burned; but then her eyes shifted toward him, and the vision that had made her so frightening seemed to melt away. She abruptly reached out and brought Robert to her, pulling him tightly to her breast and rocking him back and forth.

ENOUGH!

OH MOMMA, I'M SORRY.

HUSH, ROBERT. IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'M SORRY, TOO.

I WOULD NEVER DO WHAT YOU DON'T WANT ME TO. IT'S JUST THAT I WAS CURIOUS.

His mother circled him like a hawk for an hour, probing with the talons of her questions. He told her he had been delayed in town with his friends; they had been playing late, watching the young women make the corn dollies for the festival.

STAY AWAY FROM THE CORN, ROBERT. STAY AWAY FROM THOSE WOMEN, AND EVERYTHING TO DO WITH THE FESTIVAL.

BUT WHY? ALL MY FRIENDS ALWAYS GO, AND THEY CALL ME NAMES.

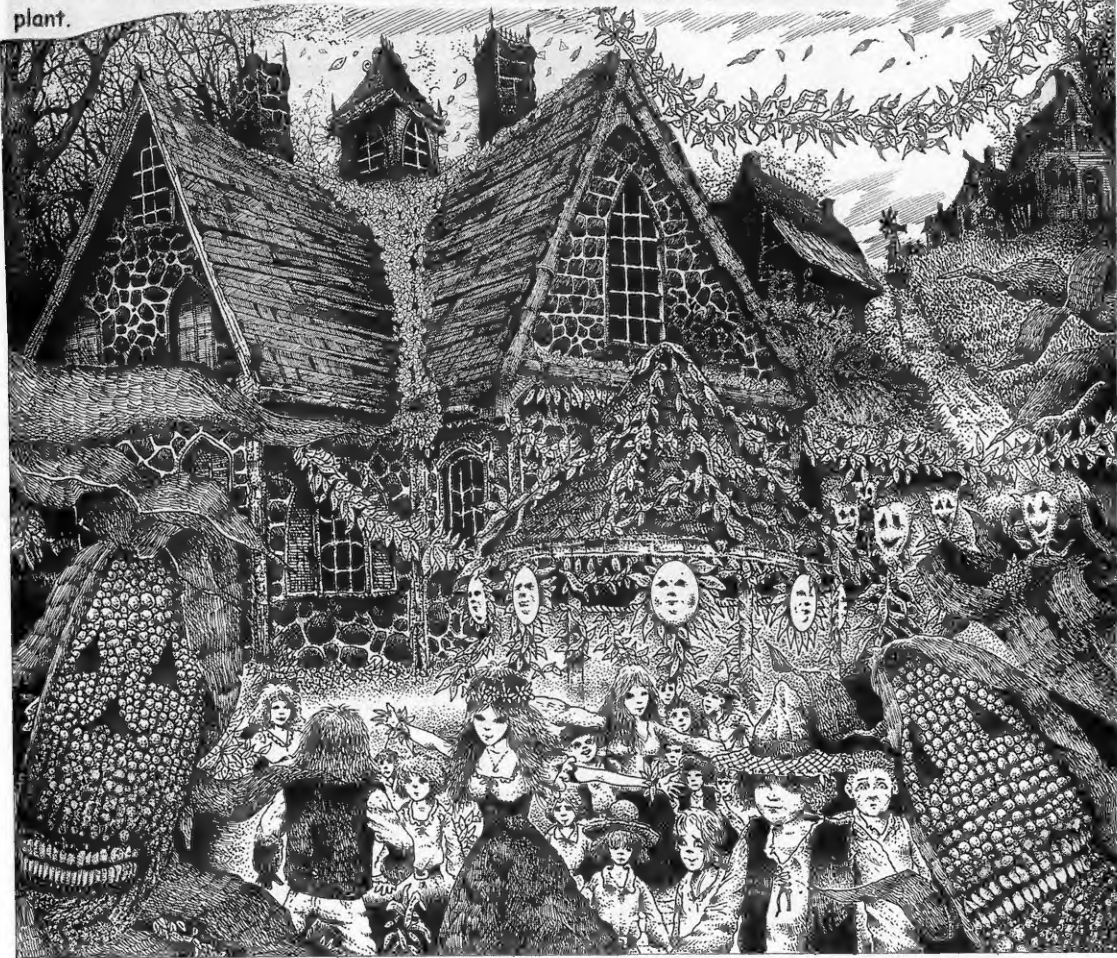
BECAUSE IT'S EVIL! WE WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH THE VILLAGE AND THEIR PAGAN HOLIDAYS.

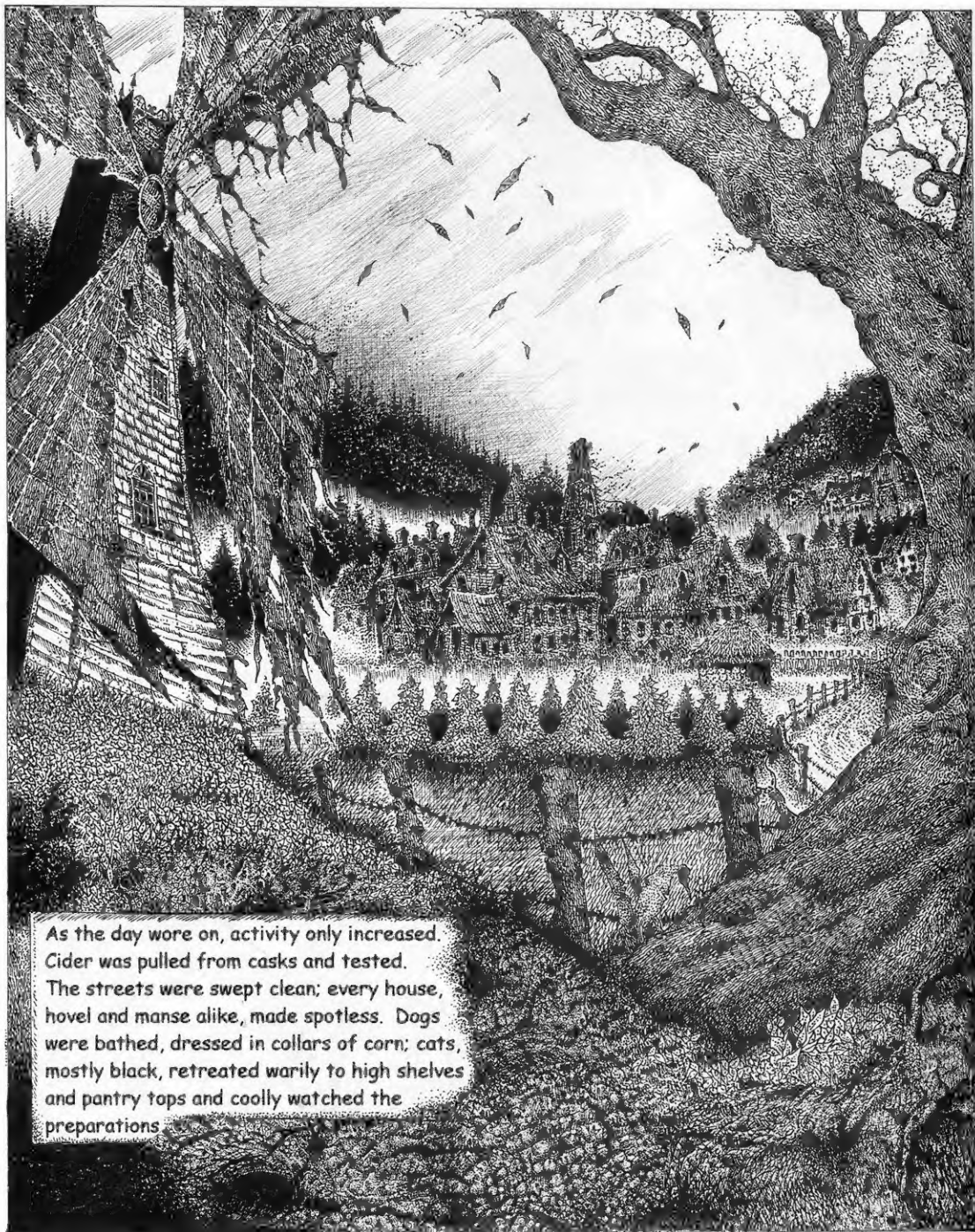
BUT I WANT TO GO THIS YEAR. JUST TO SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE, ALL MY FRIENDS, TO MAKE A WISH WITH A CORN DOLLY.

Later in bed, with his mother moving restlessly in the room next door, Robert opened his window a crack to feel the frosty breeze wash over him. Tendrils of ghostly light played around the shifting stalks, and once again the image of a flank of sharp, thin soldiers formed; standing restlessly in place.

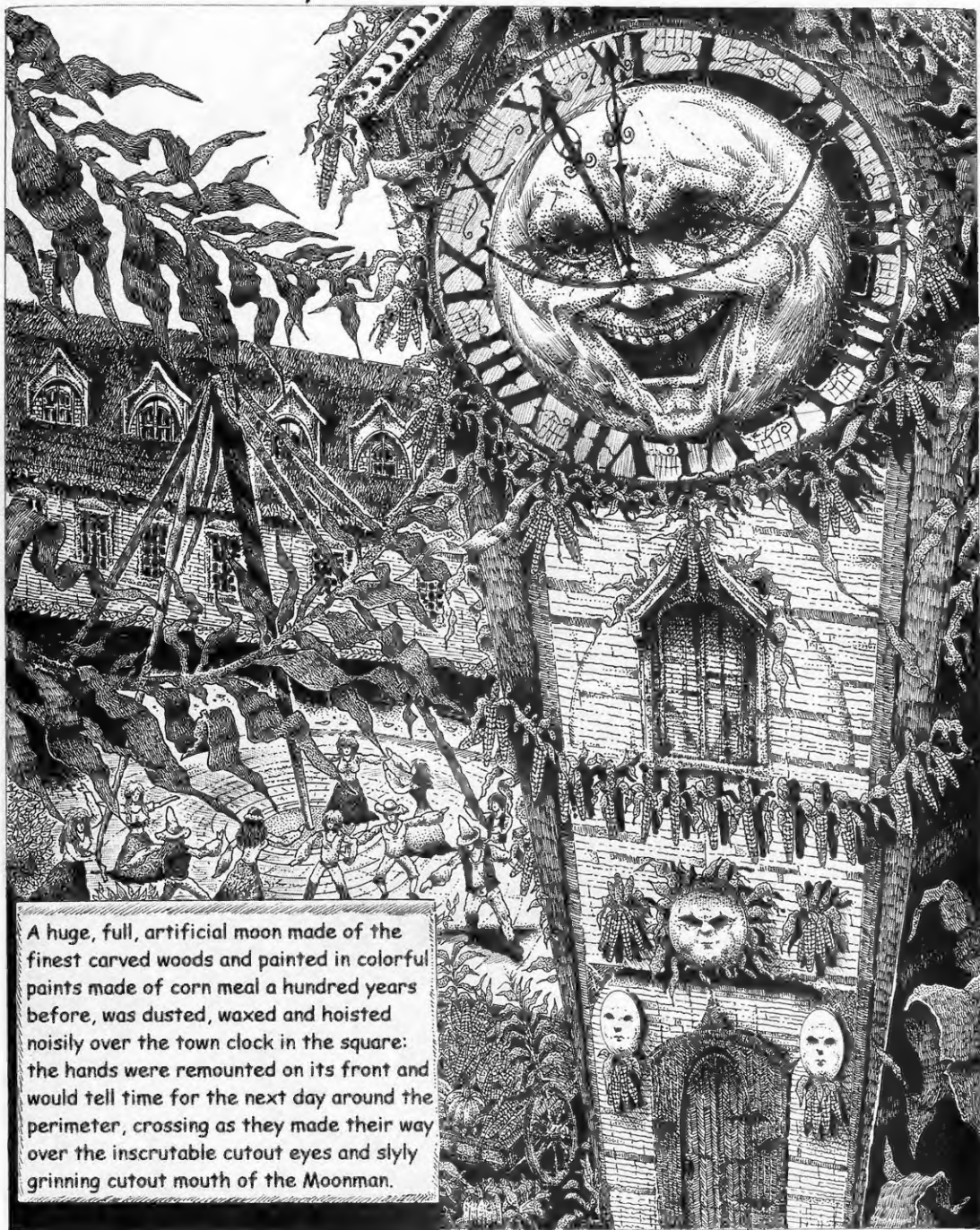
There was a rush of wind, and Robert thought he heard his name carried above it in a breath from the top of the hill; but then the wind was gone.

The day before the Corn Festival, the village was made of string and wire. Wires flew across streets, into and out of windows, into dark alleyways where only the town drunks congregated, and out again. Up and down flagpoles, making Maypoles of them. Where there wasn't wire there was string. Spools of corn silk laced above doorways, around house lamps and out across windowsills. Inside, the same. Some kitchens looked like spiderwebs, meshed fine with cornsilk. Where there wasn't cornsilk there were ribbons; green and yellow, especially yellow. A corsage of harvest corn hung from every doorway and on every lamppost. The meanest miser hung out a clutch of dried corn on his thickly paneled door. The meanest house sported an often grander version of the same--with want of plenty came pride. Girls played tag, thinking of the games they would play the next day festooned in corn garments. The Corn King and Queen, chosen by lot the month before, but inevitably a handsome young man and comely young girl, readied their own raiments; rich, bright costumes adorned top to toe with givings of the corn plant.





As the day wore on, activity only increased. Cider was pulled from casks and tested. The streets were swept clean; every house, hovel and manse alike, made spotless. Dogs were bathed, dressed in collars of corn; cats, mostly black, retreated warily to high shelves and pantry tops and coolly watched the preparations.



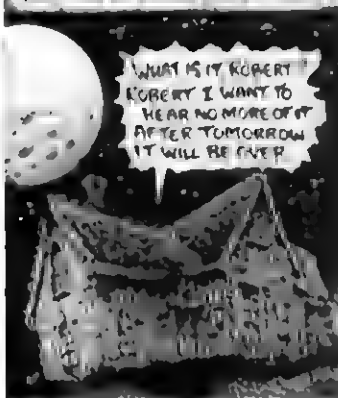
A huge, full, artificial moon made of the finest carved woods and painted in colorful paints made of corn meal a hundred years before, was dusted, waxed and hoisted noisily over the town clock in the square: the hands were remounted on its front and would tell time for the next day around the perimeter, crossing as they made their way over the inscrutable cutout eyes and slyly grinning cutout mouth of the Moonman.

The village sang with activity, and all day long Robert listened to the song from his room. His friends, all of them, were in the middle of those bright festivities in his mind he was with them, watching their every move and step.



They ran from house to house, laughing with streamers, and he imagined he was at their head they practiced on the Moon clock's mouth using rocks as missiles, and Robert ran away laughing with them when they were not laughing. He had with them in the months of dark and day watching the drunkards with feigned contempt masking fascination. He led them past the bakery to the street at night, past the black cat and the old man from the tavern. He tried, with them, to peek into the park where the Corn Queen tried on her robes, and argued with them later over whether or not they had seen anything, and if they had what it was they had seen. He played tag with them, danced in circles with them, sang with them, wrestled. Robert imagined all of this and knew, as he heard the laughter and the music, that they were doing all this without him and that they were also making fun of him.

There was always that distance between he and them at this time of year, a faint sense of accomplishment shared among themselves, of which he was no part. They knew his mother names, he knew. They called him names behind his back. They were his friends, and they were not.

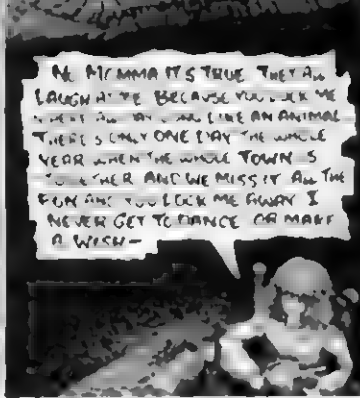


WHAT IS IT ROBERT
ROBERT I WANT TO
HEAR NO MORE OF IT
AFTER TOMORROW
IT WILL BE OVER

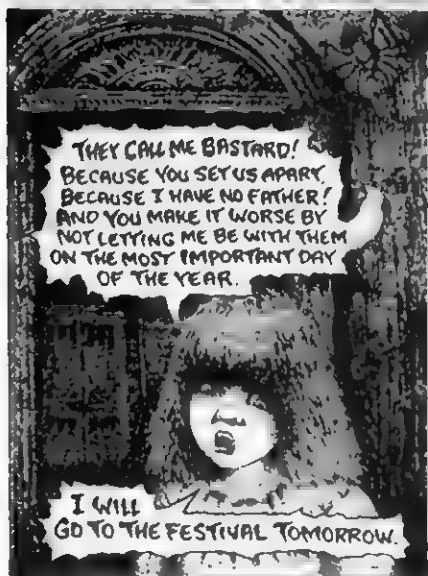
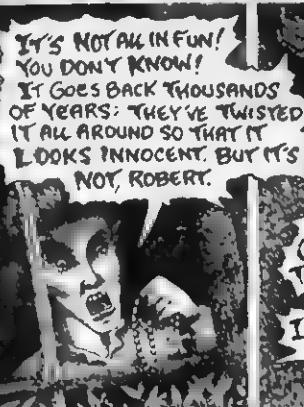
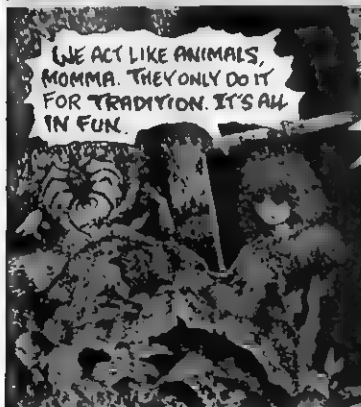


IT
WAS AGAIN
AND AGAIN WE
WILL LAUGH AT
IT WE LAUGH
AT

ROBERT
STOP IT



NE MAMMA IT'S TRUE THEY ALL
LAUGH AT ME BECAUSE YOU DUCK ME
EVERY DAY AND I AM LIKE AN ANIMAL
THERE'S ONLY ONE DAY THE WHOLE
TOWN WHEN THE WHOLE TOWN IS
TOGETHER AND WE MISS IT ALL THE
FUN AND YOU DUCK ME AWAY I
NEVER GET TO DANCE OR MAKE
A WISH—



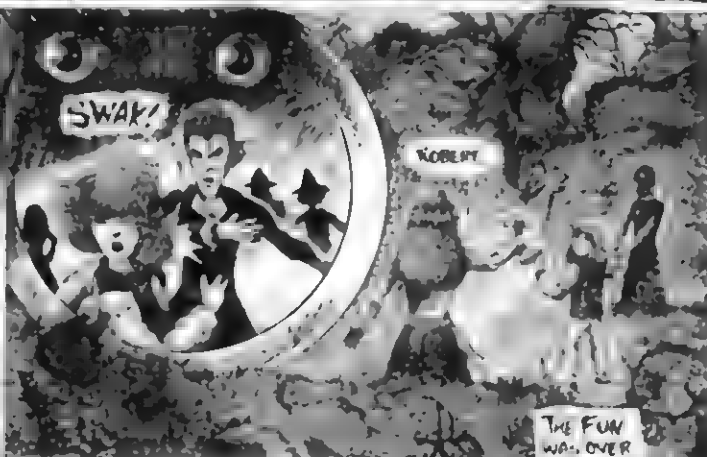
THE CITY SOY.

The sun came up early. Light's glow was everywhere. Before dawn the children, Robert's friends, some of them, had come to do their task. Creeping like so many spiders out of so many bedrooms, crawling with lightness and jumping on shoulders as mothers looked on, tasting last spoonfuls of oatmeal and porridge and last sips of wake-up tea, they came together in the town square.

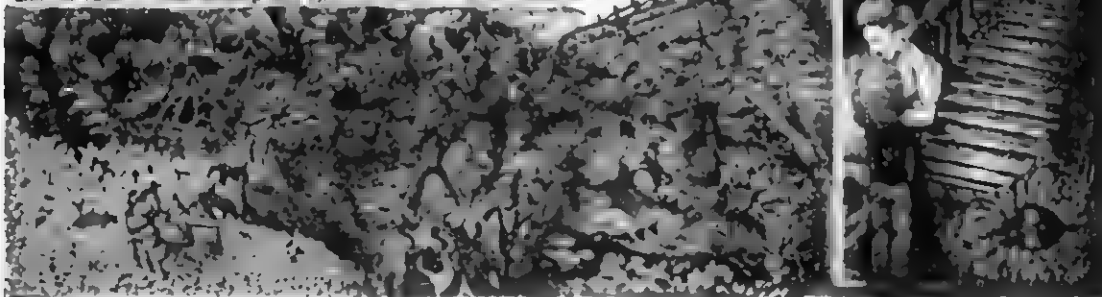
MOMMA IT'S
BEAUTIFUL!

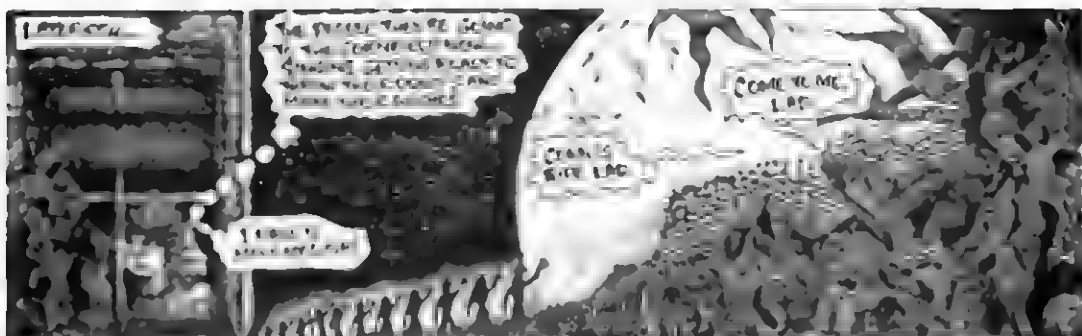
Long last, but not everywhere. And with them, yellow paper. Each white string across each archway was hung with dollys, each line found and taken from its knicker. The streets were lit up, but the air they were breathing was fast. The sun was nearly down, and the children, carts, lamps, trees, nothing escaped illumination. In ten minutes the job was done. The City Festival had started. Dances began at seven. There would be a party of this day until the sun went down. The town had become a town again, a festival town.

The next hour flashed by in an instant. Robert saw a group of his friends and begged his mother to let him go to them. She did, after making him promise not to leave the square. But there was no need to leave the square. With a leap Robert was in the midst of them, their leader. They showed him everything. He sailed a cornrake through the main clock's mouth on the first try. He did the same on the second and third try. His friends agreed that he was the BEST. They played Johnny-rub-the-pony, and Robert won. They played corn-sucker, and he won the first goal. They played trace-the-wire, trying to find the origin of the particularly unusually wound thread of corn silk, and Robert got there first.



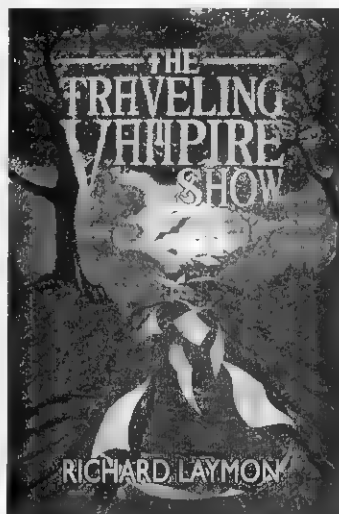
When they returned home she locked him in his room. For an hour he heard her crying and praying aloud, moving around the outer room and bumping into things as if she were mad. There was a short silence, before she knocked on the door to his room. For a quick moment Robert was frightened, thinking that perhaps she had lost her mind and would beat him, but when she came in her tears had been dried and she came to him, holding him tighter than she ever had before.





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Though gloomy with clouds, it is a hot, August morning in the summer of 1963. All over the rural town of Grandville, tacked to power poles and trees, taped to store windows, blowing along the sidewalks, fliers have appeared announcing the mysterious one-night-only performance of The Traveling Vampire Show.

The show will feature Valeria, the only known vampire in captivity. According to the fliers, she is a gorgeous, stunning beauty. In the course of the performance, she will stalk volunteers from the audience, sink her teeth into their necks and drink their blood!

For three local teenagers who see the fliers, this is a show they don't want to miss.

So the three friends set off on foot for Janks Field and the Show...

The Traveling Vampire Show is the tale, told in Dwight's own words, of what happened to him, Rusty and Slim on that hot summer day. It's the story of their friendship and love, their temptations, their betrayals, and their courage as they went where they shouldn't go, did what they shouldn't do... and ran into big trouble.

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Cancer Alley

By NANCY A. COLLINS

Adapted by
Eric Powell



CAN I HELP YOU,
YOUNG LADY?

ARE YOU MR. MARSALEIS?
MR. HOMER MARSALEIS?

HAVE BEEN
FOR SIXTY FIVE
YEARS.

YOU WITH
PARISH
SERVICES?

NO, SIR! I'M A VOLUNTEER
WORKER FOR THE LOUISIANA
CHAPTER OF ECOLOGY NOW.
WE'RE AN ENVIRONMENTAL
GROUP TRYING TO CONTROL
POLLUTION BY AMERICA'S
BIG CORPORATIONS.

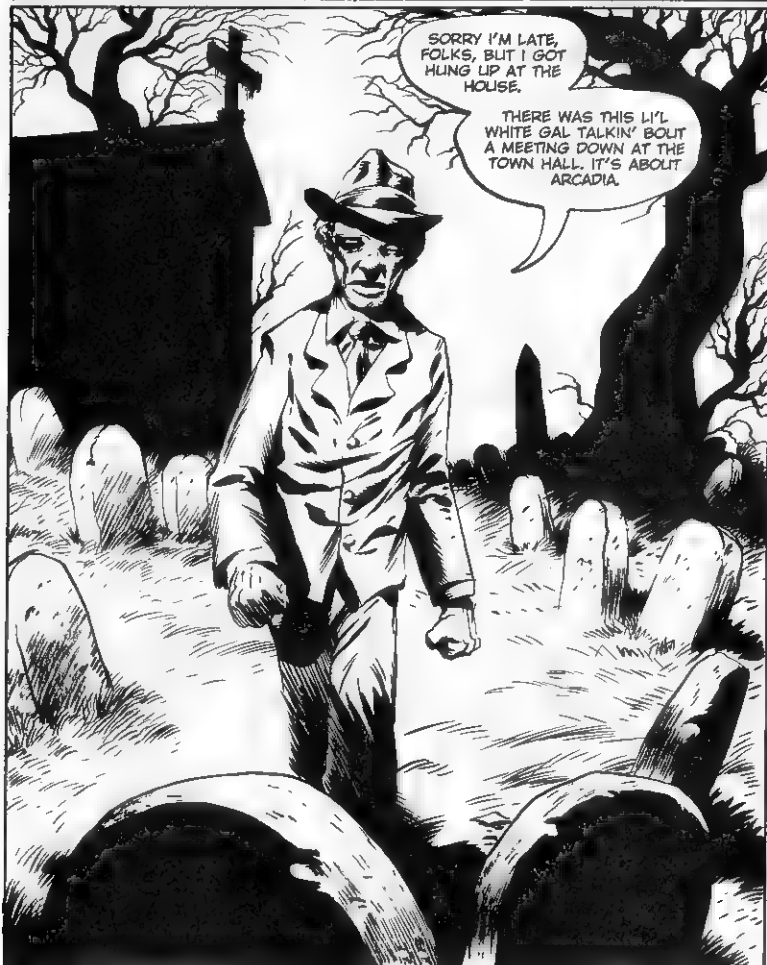
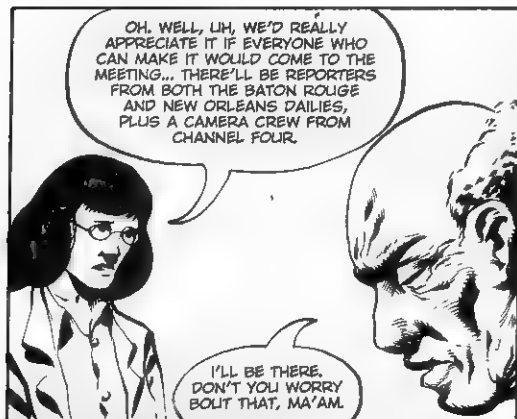


WELL, UH, THE REASON I'M HERE
IS TO TELL YOU ABOUT A MEETING
WE'RE HAVING IN THE TOWN HALL
THIS EVENING. I'M SURE YOU'RE
VERY MUCH AWARE OF REDEEMER
PARISH'S HIGH CANCER RATE, AND
THAT RESEARCH HAS TIED IT TO
THE CHEMICAL DUMPED INTO THE
MISSISSIPPI BY COMPANIES UP
RIVER AND FROM CONTAMINANTS
SEEPING INTO THE GROUND WATER
FROM SUPPOSEDLY SAFE TOXIC
WASTE DUMPS IN THE AREA.

WELL, TOGETHER WE'RE
HAVING A MEETING AND THE
REPRESENTATIVES FROM ARCADIA
PETROCHEMICALS ARE GOING TO
BE THERE. THEY'RE THE LARGEST,
AND MOST NOTORIOUS, POLLUTER
IN THE WHOLE STATE...

I KNOW ABOUT
ARCADIA. I WORKED
FOR... THEM FOR CLOSE
TO THIRTY YEARS.







WE NEED TO
TAKE SOME SAMPLES
FROM YOUR WELL
MR. MARSAIS.



YOU NEED TO
MOVE YOUR WELL
MR. MARSAIS.



DADDY, THIS
SAYS THE WELL
IS POISONED.



YOUR COMPANY HAS POISONED
THIS WHOLE AREA! MY SISTER
AND BROTHERS HAVE DIED OF CANCER
AND MY DAUGHTER MISCARRIED AND
DIED FROM POLLUTED WELL WATER!



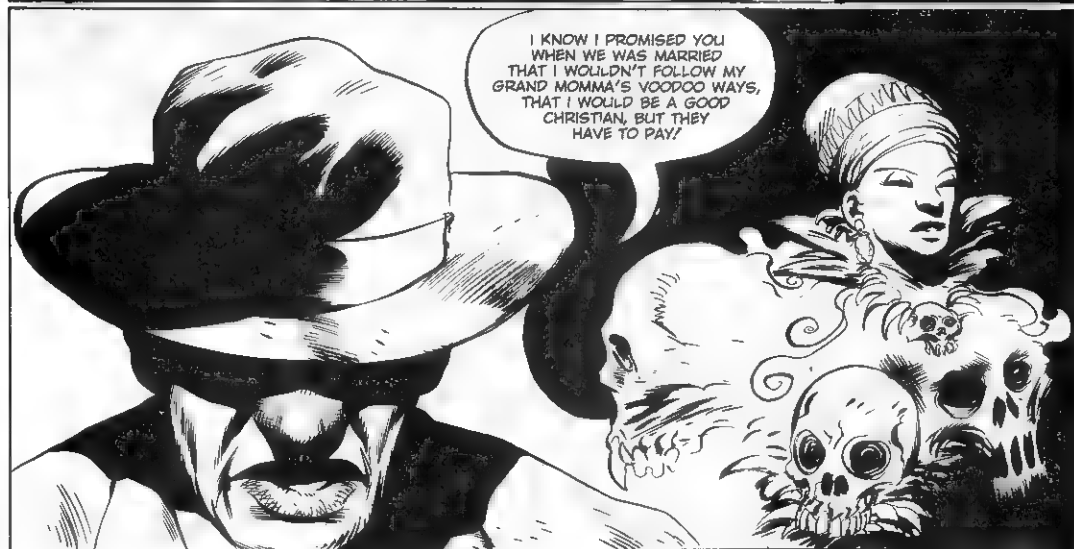
LOOK, IT AIN'T OUR FAULT
IF YOU PEOPLE SCREW AROUND
LIKE A BUNCH OF FLIPPIN'
RABBITS! THAT'S WHAT
CAUSES MISCARRIAGES!

I CAN'T HAVE YOU
SPREADING THESE
FALSE ACCUSATIONS
AROUND THE
BUILDING!
YOU'RE FIRED!



SIX MONTHS AFTER
THEY FIRED ME THEY TOOK OUR
BOY NELSON, GUSSIE, AND
THEN THEY TOOK YOU.





THIS FLUTE WAS GIVEN TO ME
BY MY GRAND MOMMA ON HER
DEATH BED. IT WAS CARVED FROM
THE THIGH BONE OF A GREAT AFRICAN
WIZARD KING. I'M SORRY FOR
BREAKIN' MY PROMISE BUT IT'S
TIME FOR THE DEAD TO
SPEAK THEIR PEACE!

FORGIVE ME.









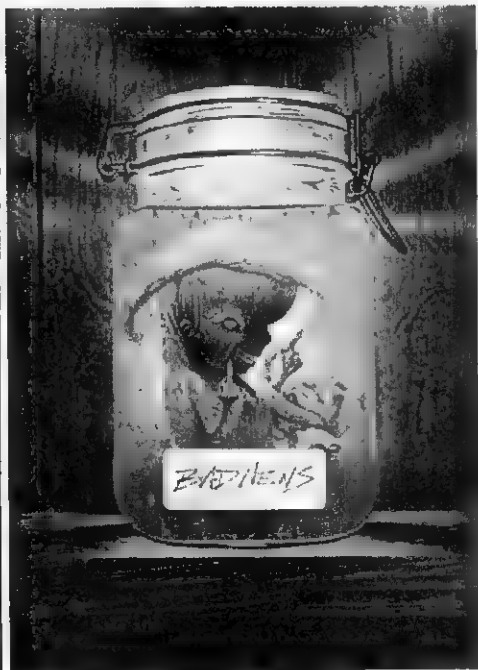
THIS TIME
THEY'LL
LISTEN!

**TOWN
HALL**

1.5 miles



BAD NEWS



Original Short Stories by:

Simon Clark
Jack Ketchum
Lucy Taylor
Geoff Cooper
Rick Hautala
Gary Brandner
Edo van Belkom
Rain Graves
Bentley Little
Ed Gorman

Tom Piccirilli
Roman A. Ranieri
Bill Pronzini
Edward Lee
John Pelan
Nancy Holder
Richard Chizmar
F. Paul Wilson

And a 100 page novella by Richard Laymon!

"Bad news, dude."

"I'm afraid I have some bad news for you."

"Watch out for that bastard—he's real bad news."

That's what this brand new horror anthology is about . . . BAD NEWS! Every story deals with characters who are bad news . . . Or they're good people who encounter someone or something that is very bad news indeed.

And the bad news in these stories is just about as bad as it can get, because editor Richard Laymon chose authors who can deal it out mercilessly. And then he wrote a 100 page novella himself to close this unique horror anthology!

Bad News contains stories by eighteen of the best writers in the horror/suspense genre, plus features amazing full-page illustrations for each and every story! In addition, this limited edition is signed by each and every writer! *Coming Summer 2000*

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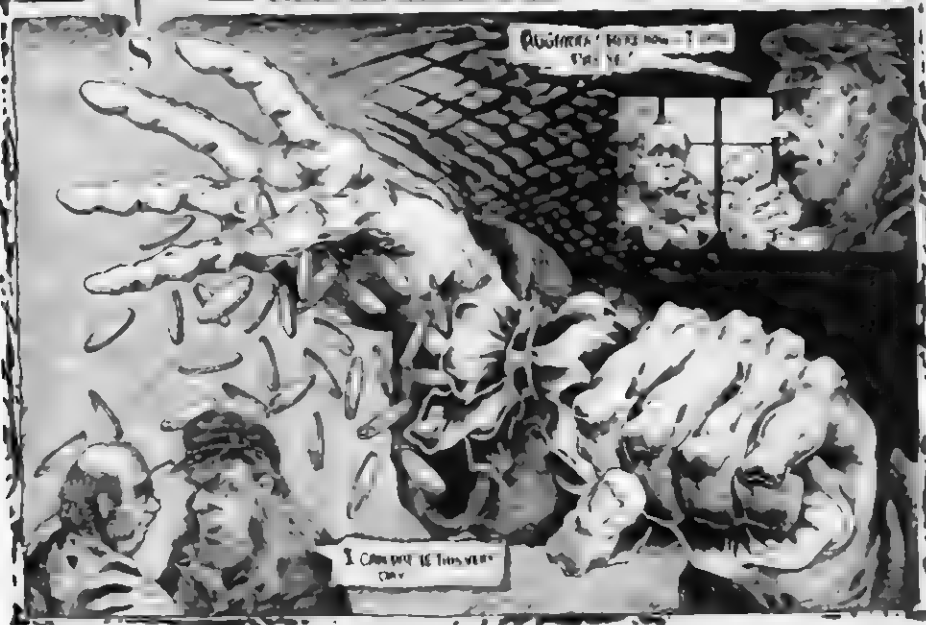
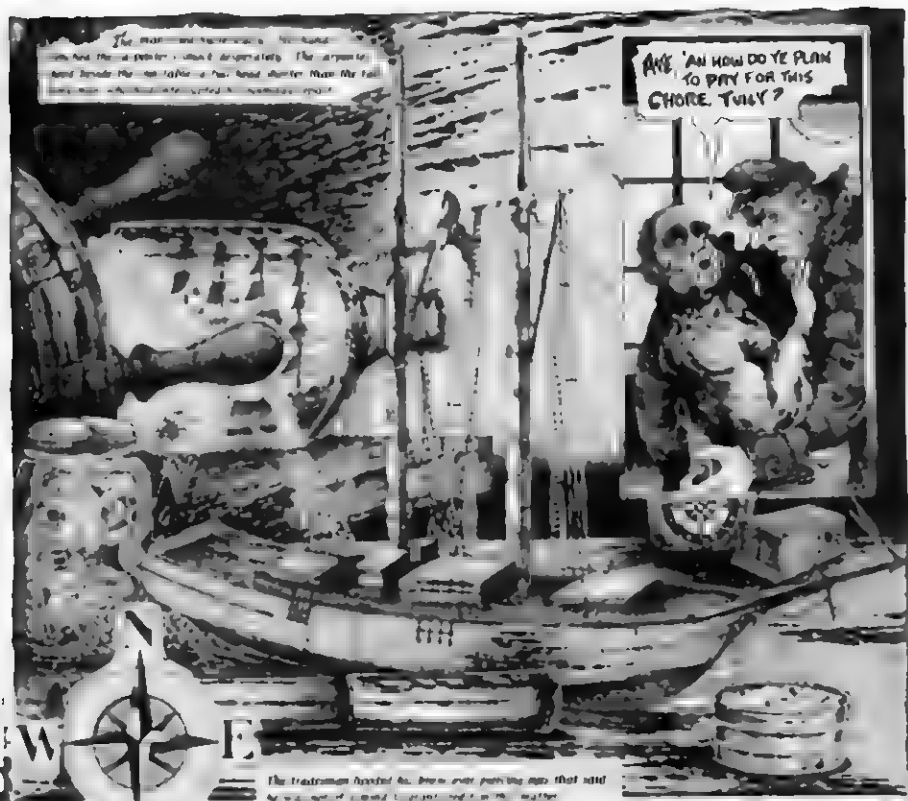
THE OAKEN DOOR



Written by Daniel D. Burr
Illustrated by Glenn Chadbourne







WELL NOW... SO YE CAN, SO YE
CAN NOW COME YE BY SUCH A SUM?

I... I SOLD...
I SOLD MY
NETS
THAT'S NOW

YE SOLD YER NETS??
NO MAN WOULD PARTER
AWAY HIS LIFE... HOOD FOR
A DAMN DOOR! NOW,
YE CAN PAY ME A BIT...

I NEED THE DOOR
NOW LONNY... THIS
VERY NIGHT?
BESIDES...

I W NOT BE PUT N SA
TO SEA AGAIN
ANYHOW

HUH? NOT GOIN BACK TO
SEA?? WHAT ARE YE, DAVE?
YE WERE HAULIN' WINE IN YER
FATHER'S BOAT BEFORE N YE
COULD CRAWL. THERE'S MORE
SALT IN YE THAN SENSE

AYE... YAWER WORDS ME'RE
SPOKEN. BUT,
THING'S CHANGE, LON
THING'S CHANGE

Tully stared at Twily for the first time with a degree
of sympathy. He realized that the man standing before him, a man
he had known all his life, was not really a friend, was truly burdened
by some unsolved problem.

The tall, thin man, now, had taken on
the look of one haunted and alone. Surely he never
before, he never
were trained to these things.

ALRIGHT, TWILY, ALRIGHT
I W BE HONORED TO ACCEPT
YOUR MONEY. I'VE BEEN WORKIN
ON A FINE OAKEN DOOR WAS MAKIN
FER THE VICAR'S NEW CHAPEL,
BUT I'M SURE HE W UNDERSTAND

TELL ME TH'S THOUGH,
WHY DO YE NEED IT SO
BA-

DON'T ASK! I CANNA TELL
YE!



SO BE IT! YE CAN
COME FOR THAT SIX
BILLS.



THANK YE, LON
THANK YE

MOMENTS LATER



WELL...
WHAT DO YE MAKE
OF THAT?

I DUNNO HEARD FROM THE NET MENDER,
GILLIAN THAT TULLY HAD SOLD HIS GEAR

FERIE T WAS TOO... EERIE
GILLIAN SAID HE ASKED OF
HIM, WHY TULLY LOOKED OUT
TO SEA AND SAID "IT WAS
A FINE LIFE WHEN I KNEW
THE SEA, BUT WHEN SHE
KNEW ME..." AND THAT
WAS ALL HE SAID

CURSE THE STORM NOW
MY APPETITE IS SPOILT



AYE, QUEER INDEED...
WHAT ABOUT YE GREGG
YE SHIPPED WITH HIM
AREN'T YE HIS FRIEND?



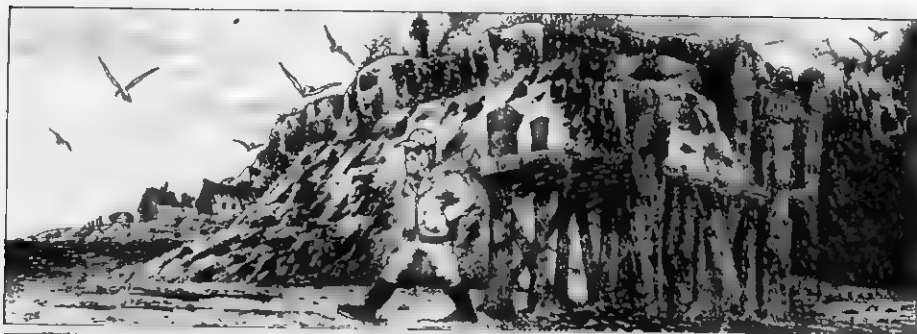
I'M NOT SURE HE HAS ANY, TRULY
DOES HE?

THAT WAS HIS
WHY HE BELONGED
TO THE SEA

IT WOULD'VE TAKEN NEPTUNE'S
TRIDENT THROUGH HIS HEART TO
MAKE SENE WONDER

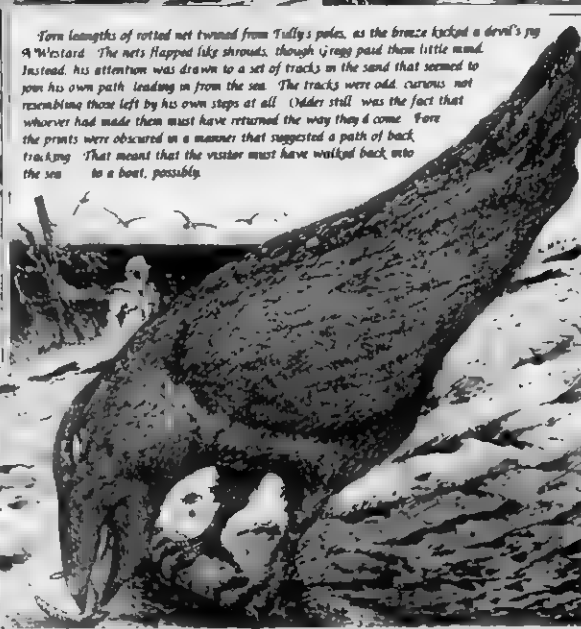


FIGGER'D THAT'D BE ALL IT WOULD
TAKE



Outside. Gregg cast his eyes out over the shore. The surf boomed on the reef sending clouds of spray into the air. Gulls swooped and called as he walked around the headland to where Tully's shack stood on its pier.





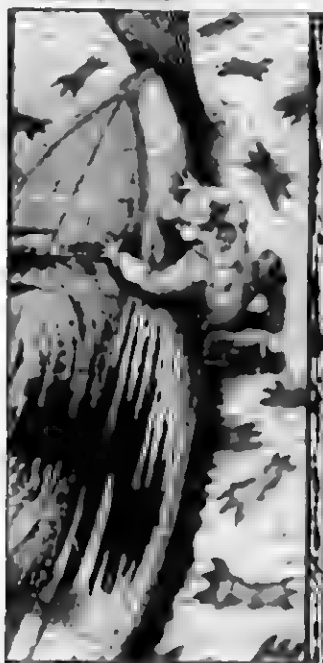
Torn lengths of rotted net tumbled from Tully's poles, as the breeze kicked a devil's pig
 A Westard. The nets flapped like shrouds, though Gregg paid them little mind.
 Instead, his attention was drawn to a set of tracks in the sand that seemed to
 join his own path leading in from the sea. The tracks were odd, curious, not
 resembling those left by his own steps at all. Odder still was the fact that
 whoever had made them must have returned the way they'd come. For
 the prints were obscured in a manner that suggested a path of back
 tracking. That meant that the visitor must have walked back into
 the sea to a boat, possibly.

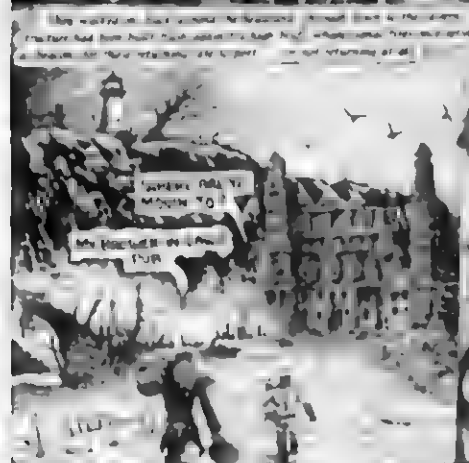
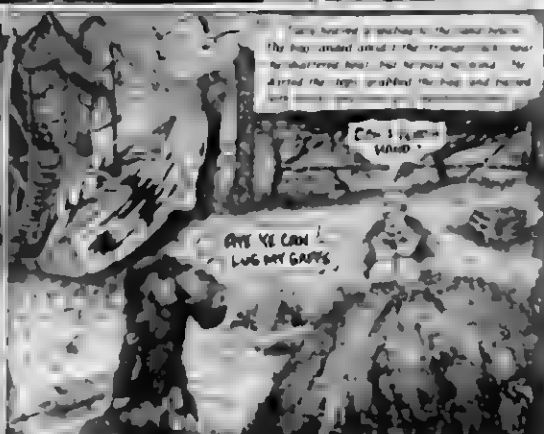
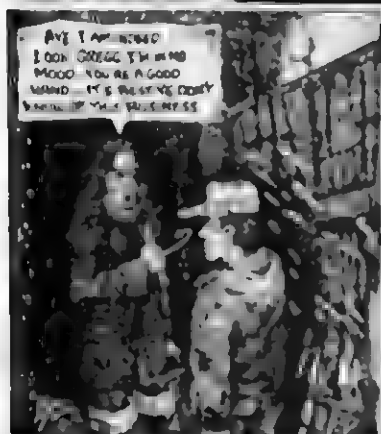


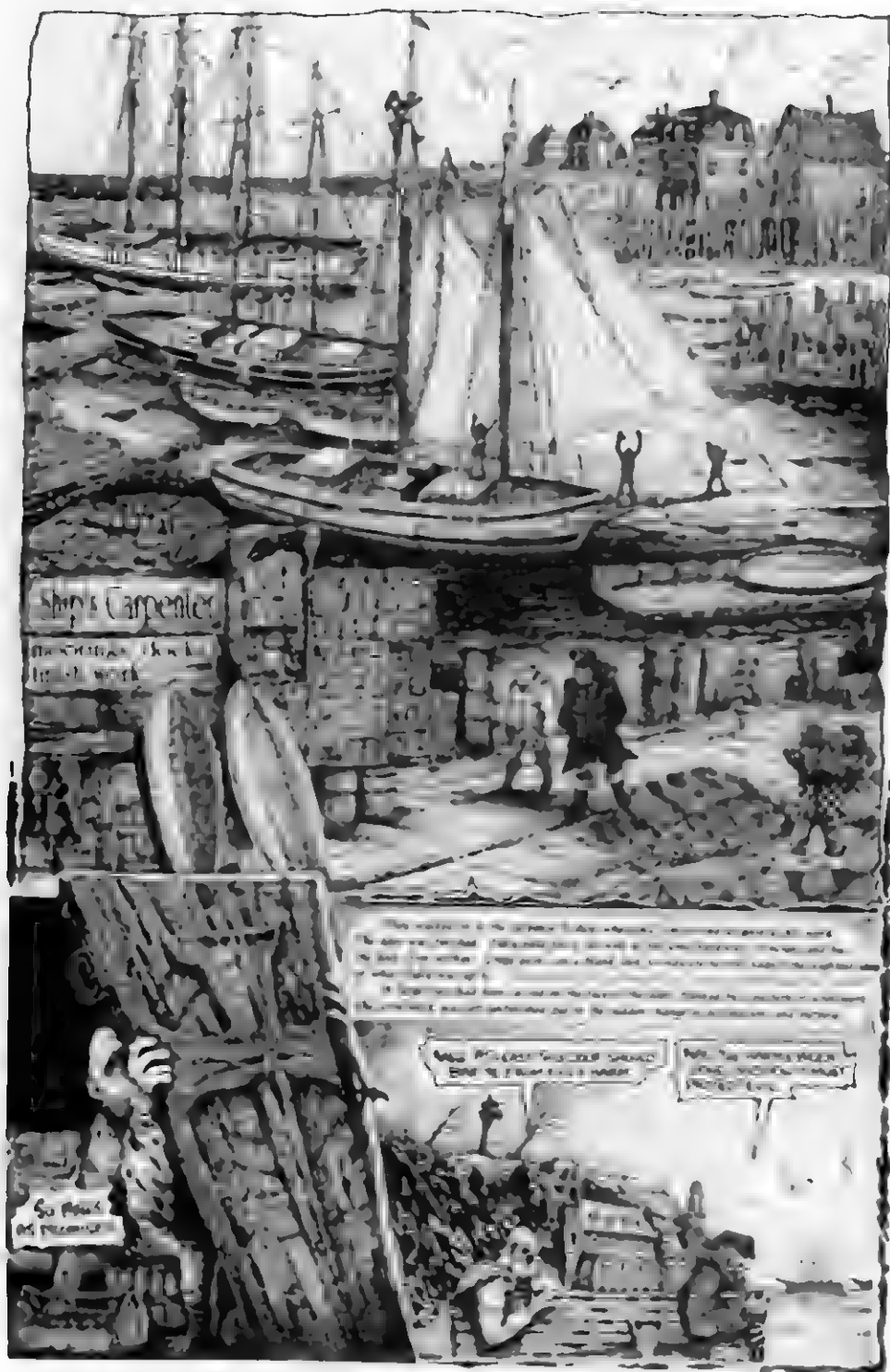
The fully-laden boat was dropped up on shore and rolled over on a ramp. The strong men hoisted ropes and moved the upturned raft again, allowing the boat to rise. The boat had been broken in as if by a giant fist, shattering a large hole in the hull.

The boat, then, was up to fully-laden, a group of men, the short flight of stairs and halted before the boat's entrance. The men, for the most part, had been severely damaged, torn in various, by the forces of the supernatural elements, and wondered what sort of fate might have been and whether to be taken.

It would have taken a person, that a full day, effort with a full and rapid, to be taken, to be taken.







7141 1/2
AVE ' N 300
LAW - 1000

... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...
... the ... of ...

1. **مجلس** : المجلس

MAY 1 4 34 PM
 YOUR SECRETS
 HAVE LEFT ME
 THE OTHER

BONG BONG! BONG! BONG!

BONG! BONG! BONG!



The United States is a free country, and the people of the United States are entitled to know the truth about the activities of the United States government and its officials. The United States government is a democracy, and the people of the United States are entitled to know the truth about the activities of the United States government and its officials. The United States government is a democracy, and the people of the United States are entitled to know the truth about the activities of the United States government and its officials.



DATE TIME
PAGE

SKIK

KRAK

BOM BOM

WAKE UP MAN!
DINNA YE SEE YA
DINNA YE HEAR??

LEGOCCY TULLY
I THINK THE TONY
THINKS THE TONY
THINKS THE TONY
THINKS THE TONY
THINKS THE TONY
THINKS THE TONY

THE TONY
THINKS THE TONY
THINKS THE TONY
THINKS THE TONY
THINKS THE TONY
THINKS THE TONY

YE HAD TO HEAR
A GOD TALKER

Y' HAD TO A TALKIN' GARDEN
BEFORE YE CARRY MY
BONES OUT TO SEA

BARBER

11:15 AM
23/10/31

A TALKIN' GARDEN? FORTY-FOUR FEET IF YOU
WILL. Y' CAN GET THE SIGHT OF TALL
STRAIGHT AND TALL AS CLEAR AS WHEN
IT HAD BEEN

Y' HAD BEEN LAST MORNING, THE MOON
WAS HANGIN' AROUND A SQUARE. HE WAS
BEHIND IN THE AIR THE OTHER PLANTS HAD
AFTER HIM IN THE NIGHT. THE SEA WAS STAYIN'
TO THE NIGHT OF THE MOON. HE WAS IN THE
CUTTER A CORNER'S THOUGHT FOR THE NIGHT

ON THE WIDE FORTY-FOUR FEET, THERE WAS
BUT AS I WAS THE LAST OF THE SQUARE
THERE WAS A HEAVY DARK FORTH. AROUND IN
THE MESH. Y' HAD BEEN LAST MORNING, THE MOON
WAS HANGIN' AROUND A SQUARE. HE WAS
BEHIND IN THE AIR THE OTHER PLANTS HAD
AFTER HIM IN THE NIGHT. THE SEA WAS STAYIN'
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CUTTER A CORNER'S THOUGHT FOR THE NIGHT





The day that with the arch of the sun with
 the day that with the arch of the sun with
 the day that with the arch of the sun with
 the day that with the arch of the sun with

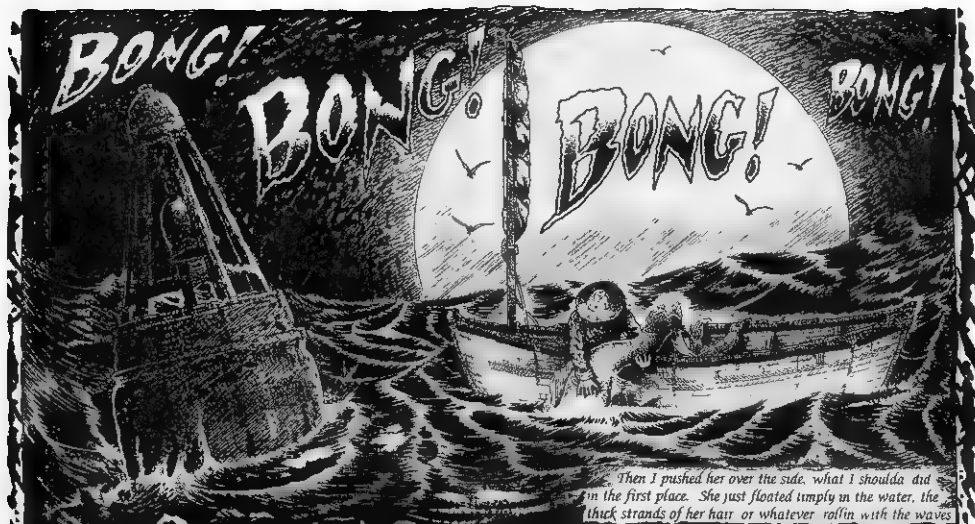
The weather and water had made more the
 water. The sun came in from all directions and the
 sun was shining and the water was shining and
 the sun was shining and the water was shining and
 the sun was shining and the water was shining and

To touch one of her kind is enough
to think yourself drunk, but the look of
her her eyes were so deep and wide as
the sea itself, her little white showing. The nose
was flat and her mouth had thin tight lips that kept
parting to gasp the dry air. Her back curved and her tail thrashed.
I had to press myself on top of her to hold her still. I don't remember
how it went from there, my head was so filled with strange pictures,
like a dream. I saw things no man has ever seen, or should see.
The more she bucked, the wilder the dream became. I averted
deep under the sea with her kind a gliding in the darkness,
rising to the surface on moonlit nights, swimming free.
I tell you, boys, I've lain with many whores in my
day along the coast but nothin' was ever like that.







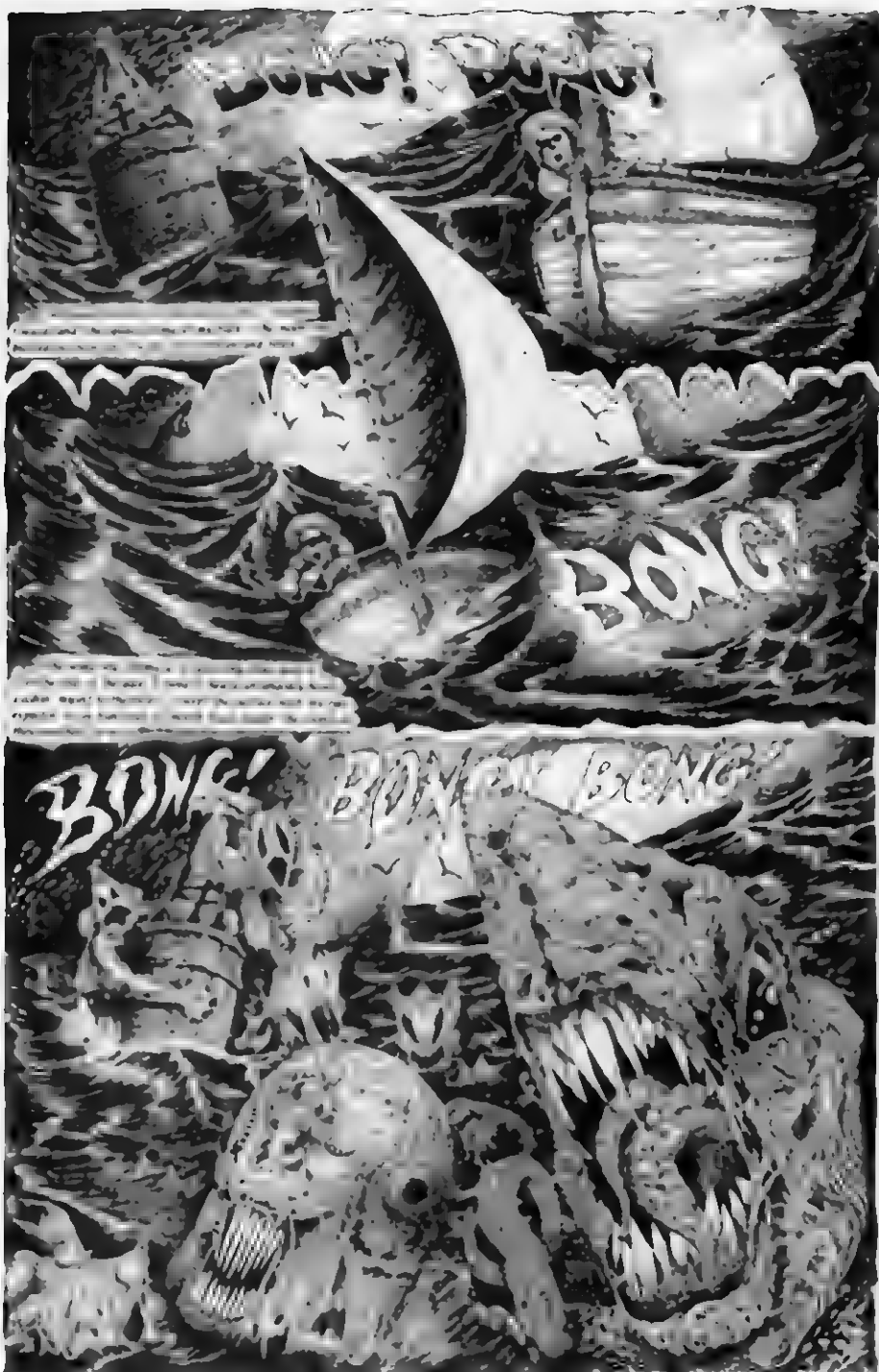


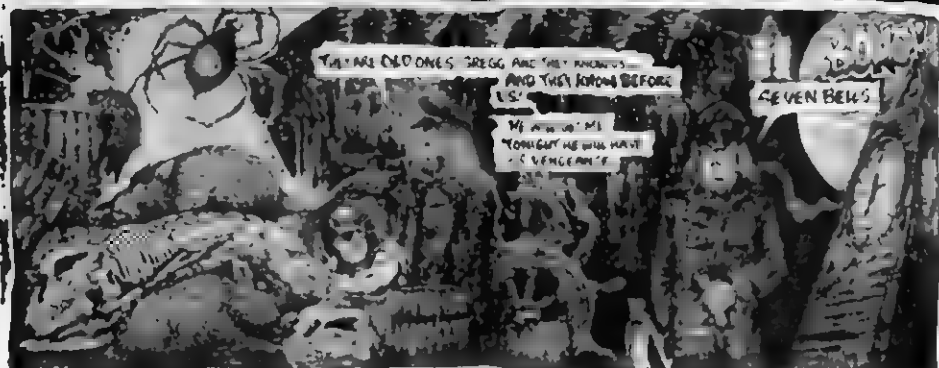
Then I pushed her over the side, what I shoulda did
in the first place. She just floated limp in the water, the
thick strands of her hair or whatever rollin' with the waves



Water dashed through her gills but her arm her hair
dinna' move















Some time later...



STRANGE, STRANGE INDEED.
GONE THESE FOUR MONTHS PAST.
VANISHED WITH NARY A TRACE...
'CEPT FOR THAT HAT A' COURSE,
'E'VE HEARD THE STORIES?



AYE, WELL... TALES ARE
FOR 'TELLIN'. THE TRUTH IS
BEST KEPT TO ONE'S SELF.

COMING SUMMER 2000

THE STEPHEN KING UNIVERSE

Stanley Wiater & Christopher Golden with Hank Wagner

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GRAVE TALES is just what I've been looking for! Nothing fancy, nothing hip, just old-fashioned chills and thrills. Reminds me of the good old days...

William Walsch
Ithaca, New York

+ +

I enjoyed *GRAVE TALES*. "Late Summer Shadows" and "Stickman" were my favorites. I didn't care too much for "Comes the Night Wind, Cold and Hungry". The artwork on the other two stories was very good but to me "Comes the Night Wind..." was choppy, which took away from the story. But, all in all, the first issue was a lot of fun. Looking forward to the next one.

Jim Colson
Columbus, Ohio

+ +

After months of suspense, your first issue of *GRAVE TALES* came into these eager hands. As a big fan of horror comics like *Eerie* and *Creepy*, I was looking forward to your first issue with great anticipation. I was not disappointed.

When I first saw Erik Wilson's amusingly gruesome cover, I knew I was in for a treat. My hat's off to the artists. The first story, "Late Summer Shadows," has some of the best artwork I've ever seen in any medium, anywhere, ever. Glenn Chadbourne has more talent in his back pocket than most other artists have in their whole suits, and I hope to see a lot more from him in the future. Even if there had been no script, the illustrations would have sufficed to tell the story. Chadbourne perfectly captured a world of childhood wonder and menace, where nature and imagination take new forms and secret meanings.

This meshed perfectly with Hautala's lyrical prose and tone of dark nostalgia. At times the story reminded me of Bradbury, a high compliment indeed.

The second story, "Comes the Night Wind, Cold and Hungry," was a bit of a disappointment, unfortunately. I'm a fan of the short story, and sometimes of Edward Lee, but the adaptation, in

my opinion, fell short of the original. Also, I've never really liked the "sketchy" art style much. Although Erik Wilson has talent (reminiscent of the great Gene Colon), especially for drawing eyes and facial expressions, his illustrations struck me as more like first drafts than polished creations. Better luck next time.

I really enjoyed "Stickman" from the always fertile, ever twisted mind of the great Richard Laymon. It had all the simple, direct power of a campfire tale, ghastly and gruesome. Wilson's and Renfro's artwork perfectly captured the horror... and when finally revealed, the Stickman proves to be one of the most original and hideous monsters in all of fantasy fiction. Sick, dark fun.

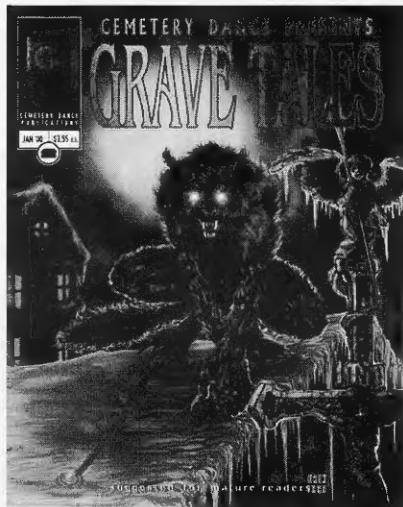
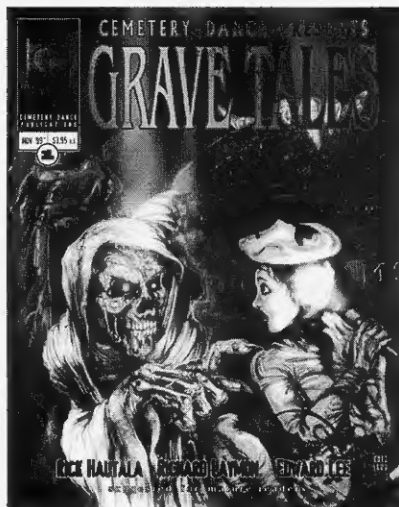
Keep up the good work. I eagerly await your next issue.

Jeff McCoy
Urbana, Illinois

+ +

In the manner of the legendary – and, to many parents of the time, notorious – comic books *Tales from the Crypt* and *Vault of Horror* comes *GRAVE TALES*, a terrifically entertaining comics short-story collection from Cemetery Dance. Featuring three stories by Rick Hautala, Edward Lee (adapting a story by Gene Michael Higney) and Richard Laymon, the book evinces the tantalizingly spooky, slightly shocking atmosphere of comics tales of yore. Dense, moody inking by Glenn Chadbourne illustrates "Late Summer Shadows," Hautala's story of two kids investigating a backwoods grave. Boldly dramatic lines by Erik Wilson and Will Renfro bring "Stickman," Laymon's near-classic yarn of a scarecrow-monster, to life. The Higney/Lee, also with art by Erik Wilson, is the weakest of the three entries literally and artistically but still evinces frissons of fright. This book, with full-color cover and b&w panels, launches a quarterly series and will delight readers yearning for the delicious, outlaw shivers of yesteryear; it is highly recommended for those who enjoy reading under the covers by flashlight.

Publisher's Weekly
March 6, 2000



Cemetery Dance Publications is pleased to announce GRAVE TALES – a brand new horror comic book! Each issue is magazine-sized and features three or four tales of terror from today's most popular authors and artists. This is good old-fashioned horror, folks! If you were a fan of the old Warren comics (Creepy and Eerie) and the legendary EC books (Tales From the Crypt and Vault of Horror), you will absolutely love GRAVE TALES! \$3.95, 48-56 pages, full-sized, color cover/b&w interior. Published quarterly.

Ordering information:

Four-issue subscription: \$16

Issue #1: \$5.00 postpaid

Issue #3 (coming later this Summer): \$4.50 postpaid

Deluxe signed hardcover four-issue subscription: \$250

Deluxe signed hardcover single issue: \$75

(Only 100 signed hc copies of each issue will be produced!)

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